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FROM A FIELD-GATE.

A GLORIOUS afternoon it is, the hottest of mid-summer, with not a shadow in the dazzling blue of the heavens. Who could sit at a desk with the white butterflies flickering in and out at the open window, the sweet breath of the clove-pinks filling the air, and the faint gurgle of the river coming up from the glen below? The gardener has long ago left off weeding the lawn borders, and betaken himself to the cool planting-house; Jug the spaniel lies panting out there with lolling tongue in the shadow under the rhododendrons; and the leaves of the aspens themselves seem tremulous with the heat. It will be pleasanter to go up through the wood to the end of the lane, to sit under the edge of the trees there on the trunk of silver birch that serves for a cattle-gate, and enjoy something of the southern *dolce far niente*, with a pocket copy of gentle Allan Ramsay to finger through.

How very quiet the spot is, with the wood behind, and the flowery fields sloping away in front! Not a murmur comes here from the city, whose smoke rises, a murky cloud, far off in the valley yonder. The streets there will be stifling to-day amid the hot reekings of asphalt pavements, the sifting particles of burning dust, and the incessant roar of traffic. Here, above the fields, the air is sweet with the scent of clover; the stillness is only broken by the faint pipe of a yellowhammer sometimes in the depth of the wood, and the blue heavens shed their peace upon the heart. Nothing but the faintest breath of air is moving, just enough to stir gently the deep grasses of the hayfield, and to touch cheek and lip now and again with the soft warm sigh of the sweetbrier in the hedge. Gleaming flies, green and yellow, with gauzy wings, float like jewels in the sunshine; a shadow for a moment touches the page as a stray rook drifts silently overhead; and on the edge of the great yellow daisy that flames over there like a topaz among the corn, a blue butterfly lazily opens and shuts its wings.

This is the silent month, they say, because the

birds have nested and foregone the twitterings of their courting-time; but from the lark up yonder, a quivering black speck in the sky, there is falling a perfect rill of melody. What is he exulting about, the little black speck? Is it for sheer gladness in the happy sunshine, or is it because there is a little helpless brood of callow laverocks in a nest somewhere below among the clover? Glad little heart! sing thy song out while the blue sky smiles above thee. Thou hast forgotten the pinching of the winter cold, and why should thy rapturous hour be saddened by taking thought for the dark things of the morrow. Under the hedge close by, an occasional rustle of dry leaves and an admonitory cluck betray a brood of chickens surreptitiously brought into existence by some lawless and absconding hen; and on a twig a little way off, a young sparrow with fluttering wings gapes its yellow beak for the attentions of a proud and sprightly parent.

In the distance, from the bottom of the next meadow, comes the faint whirr of a mowing-machine. It and the reapers are out of sight; but on the level beyond, the ryegrass lies in long white lines winnowing in the sun. Well may that harvest be the first to be gathered, for it is the share that falls to the faithful dumb friends of man. Meanwhile, the farmhorses left at liberty in the grass-field yonder are evidently, like many honest souls of another genus who have worked hard all their lives, quite at a loss what to do with their late-acquired leisure.

On the dike-top here, the clover, with great ball-blossoms of rich pink, is growing beside the purple-toothed vetch and the small yellow stars of another unknown flower. In the hedge, among the heavy-scented privet blossoms, are flowers of pink wild-rose delicate as the bloom of a girl's cheek, with full pouting buds red as lips that would be kissed. White brier-roses there are, too, as large as crown pieces, and great velvety humble-bees are busy botanising among their stamens. The bees prefer the newly opened ones, however, whose hearts are still a rich golden yellow. Below, among the woodland grasses, the

white dome-clusters of the dim-leaved yarrow are flowering amid a miniature forest of green mare's-tails and the downy stalks of the hemlock. Gardeners are only now beginning to see the beauty of the yarrow for deep borders, as they are beginning to see the beauty of the foxglove and the glory of the broom. Over there in the side of the wood-ditch are springing delicate tufts of spleenwort; and already the flower-fronds of the hard-fern are rising from the nest of their dark-spread fellows. The graceful heart-shaped nettle leaf appears there too, with its purple stem, beside the tall magenta-coloured flowers of the bastard-thistle.

A pleasant retreat, indeed, is the spot; and through the tangled wood-depth, of a moonlit night, might be expected to come the revel court of Titania. Is not that one of her furry steeds, with velvet ears erect and bright wide eyes, cropping the green blade in the grassy lane path? Her sleek chorister, too, the blackbird, has forgotten to be timid as he hops across the ruts there, waiting doubtless for her coming. Whir! What a rush of wings! It is a flight of starlings disturbed from the grass-field below; for these birds bring their young out to the fields this month in flocks of hundreds to feed. Round and round they wheel in the air, as if delighting in their power of wing, before finally settling on the grassy knoll a hundred yards away.

A sunny knoll that is, where the birds feed undisturbed to-day, a small point in the landscape; yet it has a page of history to itself. On its summit once stood a Scottish queen, surrounded by a little group of nobles, watching, a mile to the north, the die of her fate being cast, the arbiter of life or death. Two armies lay before her. Far off about the little village in the bosom of yonder hill she saw two dark masses gathered, with a battery line of guns between them. Those were her enemies; and one of the horsemen behind them—it was only a mile away—she knew was her own half-brother. Nearer, on the lower rising ground, that the railway cuts through now, she saw her own troops gathering, a larger force, but without the advantage of position. And the queen watched and waited; it was about nine o'clock of the morning. Presently, a cloud of smoke sprang out between the armies, and immediately was heard the roar of cannon; the duel of the artillery had begun. During half an hour little could be seen for the smoke, and there was a constant explosion of ordnance. It must have been an anxious time. Suddenly, however, the firing ceased, the smoke rolled away, and the battlefield could be made out. The queen's cavalry had formed into line, had charged, and were driving the enemy's horse before them. Then a tear sprang to the queen's eye as she saw her vanguard leave the hill, cross the open ground among the furze, and, with their gallant leader at their head, rush to storm the village. They disappeared in the narrow lane, where the new church stands now in the hollow of the hill, and there could only be heard faintly their shout as they closed with their opponents, and the shot-reports of the enemy's hagbutters firing at them from the hedge-gardens and the village roofs. How was the day going? See! the enemy's wing was wavering, was giving way. Fight on, brave fellows! brave

vanguard! press them hard. A few moments longer, and the day is yours.

But look! A horseman gallops to the other wing of the enemy, where the Regent is riding. It stirs; it moves down upon the village. Ah, where now is the queen's reserve? Why does it remain inactive and aloof? Are its rival leaders quarrelling over petty precedence, or is there treachery in its ranks? The battle closes again about the narrow lane. The vanguard is attacked on either flank—it is overborne—it gives way. See! they are broken; they pour back out of the lane. Wounded, weaponless, they are fleeing, and with a yell their foes are upon them, cutting them down. But the reserve is moving at last; it may bring help; it may yet retrieve the hour. Ah, cowards! it breaks and scatters. The day is lost. Away! then, away, poor hapless queen! Ply whip and spur for thy life. Neither here nor anywhere in all thy fathers' kingdom of Scotland is there safe tarrying-place for thee now. And may heaven help thee in the hour of need, for thou wilt find small help in man or woman.

The starlings are feeding this afternoon on the Court Knowe, the hillock there, undisturbed, and it is three hundred and nineteen years since the stricken queen rode away through the hollow yonder where the green corn is growing. The suburbs of the city are spreading even over the battlefield itself. But ever and again, upon a summer day, there comes a pilgrim to stand a while in pitying silence on the little knoll under the trees, and to recall something of these 'old, unhappy, far-off things,' as he reads upon the stone there the royal monogram, and the date, May 13, 1568.

Clouds, however, are beginning to gather in the sky; a pair of swallows are flying low, skimming the grasses for insects under the edge of the wood; and the hoarse note of the corn-crake comes from the middle of the clover-field—signs, all these, of coming rain. The hay-makers are hurrying their harvest into small stooks, and a cool wind is rustling the *braird* of the corn. The sun is setting, too, and the sound of the tea-bell comes up through the wood. It is time to go home.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAR,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—A ROLLING STONE.

RICHARD CABLE started homewards. He had ridden his cob to Exeter, and brought him on thence with the cattle by train. Now he drove him all the way back from Somersetshire to St Kerian, but not with the van full of calves the whole way, for he sold them all before he had reached Launceston. Then, instead of going on, he bought up young cattle in Devon, to the north of the road, where is also a wide tract of very poor clay soil, worthless except for rearing stock. In the north of Devon the soil varies to such an extent that one field may let for five times the price of the field next to it. Where the red soil runs, there anything will grow; where the white clay lies, there nothing will thrive. Now, after the old Roman road from Exeter to Launceston

passes North Tawton, it leaves the red soil for ever. On the south of the road is good land—crops wave, and trees grow to stately dimensions; for there limestone and volcanic tufa break out and warm and enrich the soil above. To the north of the road is clay, and clay only, to the ocean, where crops are meagre and trees are stunted. Cable's eye had been sharpened, and he learned and took in much as he went along the road. Having bought young stock from the poor land, he turned his back on the west, and drove them to Exeter, and trucked them on to Somersetshire again; but not this time to Bewdley and Bath, but to the neighbourhood of Wells. He sold these readily enough; and then he bought more calves and trucked them to Exeter, where on this occasion he had left his cob and van; and then drove them to Launceston, disposing of most of them before reaching home.

From Exeter he brought with him seven pairs of new shoes, with perfectly clean smooth soles, of a pleasant brown; and ever and anon, as he drove in his van, with the calves bleating behind him, he opened the bag that contained the shoes, and took them out and counted them, and kissed the soles, thinking of the little feet they would clothe when brought to St Kerian. Richard had to halt continually on the road and buy milk for his calves, dip his fingers in the milk and let the calves suck them. It was tedious work; but it would have been less tedious to another, for no other was drawn homewards by such strong fibres from his heart. At length he arrived within sight of St Kerian, and drove through the village street. The innkeeper came out to ask what luck he had had. 'Middling,' answered Dick; but he did not halt at the inn-door. Then out of his smithy came Penrose the blacksmith with a cheery salute and his big black hand extended.

'Well, Cable, glad to see' back. The little uns be all peart [bright].'

Richard nodded. He held the reins in one hand and the whip in the other; he did not accept the offered hand, but drove on.

'What, Mr Cable!' exclaimed the parson, who was on his rounds. 'You're home again! I'm glad to see you have a carriage.—Your mother is fairly well, and the children—blooming rose-buds.'

'Thanky, sir!' Richard put the handle of his whip to his cap, and drove on.

'Dicky!' shouted Farmer Tregurtha over the hedge, 'so you're home with your pockets lined with money. I must look out for Summerleaze, or you'll snap it away from under my feet.'

'I take nothing for which I cannot pay,' answered Richard; then he turned a corner and stopped the van, whereat the calves, thinking it meant milk and a suck at his hands, began to bleat. But he was not thinking at that moment of the calves. He saw before him the cob cottage, the limewashed walls gleaming white in the sun, and before the door stood Mrs Cable with little Bessie in her arms, and about her the rest, looking down the road with eager eyes.

What a cry of delight when their father appeared with his van and cob! Little Bessie struggled in her grandmother's arms and clapped her hands; and Mary, his dear Mary, came to him with expanded arms, scudding along like a seagull, and dived into her father's arms, clung

about his neck and heart, and buried her face in his. Never would he forget that moment, that spasm of pride, that rapturous leap of his heart in his breast as he saw her coming on, and shouted: 'No!—not in Somersetshire, not anywhere, is there such another little Mary!'

What a happy evening that was, with his children clustering round the calves, dipping their hands in the milk and laughing, but first shrinking at the mouths of the young creatures sucking their hands! Little Bessie must pat the calves, and she quite fell in love with a young dappled Guernsey. What a pleasant supper when they all sat round the table, but not before there had been a slight scuffle which should sit beside their father! Was there ever so dainty a dish served up at Hanford Hall whilst Richard dined there, as that great bowl of potatoes and turnips that now steamed in the midst of the table round which the bright and happy faces smiled and shone! Then, when supper was over, came the trying-on of the new shoes; and each in turn sat on her grandmother's lap, whilst Richard knelt on the slate floor and fitted the covers on to the dear little feet he loved so well. For Bessie there was a pair of glazed patent leather that shone like sticking-plaster, and they had rosettes with steel buckles and beads over the instep. Bessie laughed and danced in her grandmother's arms, and then cried to be held by her dada; and clung fast to him, and would not be put down or go to bed till he undertook to undress her, wash her, comb her hair, hear her prayers, and sit by her till she fell asleep.

The happiness was of short duration. Next morning, Richard went farther with his van and cob and calves, to the *Maggie*, to give an account to Jacob Corye of what he had done, how he had succeeded, and what he proposed to do.

'There, now,' said the landlord of the *Maggie*, when he heard the results and saw his money. 'I be glad, I be, to handle the cash; but I be main better pleased to know that what some say are the maggots in my head have turned into butterflies, and not blue-bottles.'

After that, of course a second venture was agreed upon. Richard was to remain a week at home, make what arrangements he thought necessary for the children, and then start again on the road by Launceston to Exeter, driving young cattle before him. He was now eager to be gone. Not that he desired to be away from his family, but that his ambition was fired. He was resolved at no very distant date to secure Summerleaze, and build thereon the house which he had seen in a dream, and which he had declared to Tregurtha he intended to build. How many times had wild ambitions and vague aspirations rushed through his head, and found expression on his lips, and nothing had come of them. One night a dream had passed before his sleeping eyes, a jumble of impossibilities, it might be thought, and now that dream promised to realise itself.

Throughout the week he was at home, Richard was silent concerning one matter. He was ready to talk to his little ones about what he had seen—concerning the children of Mrs Stokes, the whirligig he had come across at Okehampton, and the grand cathedral at Exeter, and the piebald

horses of a circus that had passed him on the road, and the militia reviewed at Wells, and the hot springs with foul smell at Bath; and he had told his mother of his difficulties and of his successes, of his mistakes and of his gained experiences, of his prospects for the future, of the certainty of his insuring a small fortune; but he said not a word about the discovery he had made at Bewdley. Nevertheless, that discovery troubled his mind and kept him wakeful at night. It was a discovery that perplexed him beyond power of setting to rights. Why was Josephine in service? If in service, how came she to be singing and playing in the drawing-room that night? He knew so much of the ways of good houses as this, that a lady's-maid is not expected to sit down to the piano in the room with her mistress. He also knew so much of Josephine as this, that for her to associate with such creatures as Mr Polkinghorn would be unendurable. He thought of his own Polly: perhaps the maids at Bewdley were like her. Polly was a good girl, fond of work, and fond also of finery when she could get it. Polly had not been blessed by heaven with much mind, and what little mind she had was uncultivated. She could read, but read only trash—police intelligence and novels. She could write, but not spell. She could talk, but not of anything beyond village gossip. Could Josephine have borne the daily society of Polly, could she breathe in such an atmosphere of vulgar interests?

Either Josephine was very much other than what he had supposed, or she was now completely out of her proper element, and suffering accordingly. It was possible that her pride, her headlong self-will, coupled with pride, had made her throw up all the advantages she had got by the will of Gabriel Gotham. Richard recollected now that she had told him her mother's fortune, which ought to have come to her, had been mismanaged and lost. It was by no means impossible that Mr Cornelius, for whom Richard entertained the greatest aversion, might have met with a reverse and be ruined. Then, how was it that Josephine, being so close a friend of the Sellwoods, was allowed by them to drop into a menial situation? They were well off, always ready to do what was kind, and be helpful to those in distress. Yet it was the Sellwoods who, according to Mr Polkinghorn, had recommended Josephine to her present place.

'I wish I could have seen her,' mused Richard. 'It would be painful to me—but for all that, I wish I had seen her; and when I go back again to Bewdley, I must try and see her without letting her see me. I'd like to know how she bears the change. I'd like to see how she looks—as a servant.' He laughed. 'And to be considered a low lot!'

Dicky Cable did not go near Bath on his second expedition; he went into another part of Somerset. He was away for some time. After this, he was able to stand unsupported by Jacob Corye. He became a cattle-jobber on his own bottom; but he always dealt for Corye whilst dealing for himself, and to Corye he always gave double profits, for it was the landlord of the *Magpie* who had put the plum into his mouth. He began to turn over money very fast. He had a good deal of expense on his journeys: he had to lodge himself

and his horse, and feed his young stock and give skimmed milk to his calves; and the railway carriage ran away with money; and the seven little mouths at home cost more every day, for appetites grew with their bodies, and their clothing and shoeing cost more also. Nevertheless, Cable put away money.

But we are looking too far ahead. He had not started on his own foundation when Christmas came; he did so with the New Year.

The opinions of the St Kerian people underwent a change respecting him. Some were glad at the improvement in his circumstances; but others begrudged it. Most wondered that he should have done what was now obvious to all; they were uneasy at his having got his feet on Luck's road, when there were so many worthier men, such as themselves, who wandered in Poverty Lane. Now, those who formerly had not noticed him, nodded when he passed; and those who in former days had nodded, shook hands; and those who had in the time when he broke stones shaken hands, now asked him to lend them money, which was the greatest mark of esteem they could show him. The St Kerian folk were in that transition mood in which it would take very little on his part to bring them into the most cordial relationship, and make them forget that on one side he was not a true-blooded Cornishman. The women were specially disposed in his favour, because he had proved himself so tender and true a father to his orphan girls; and some were most especially so disposed because they considered him to be a widower. But Richard Cable took no notice of the revolution. He called at none of the houses of the villagers; he scarcely spoke to those whom he passed; he returned their salutations without cordiality; and he never went to the public-house, which was the more to be marvelled at, because, whilst from home, he lived entirely in taverns. Perhaps that was why he cared for none when at St Kerian, and spent all his available time in his cob cottage among his seven little maids.

Christmas came—the second since Richard Cable and his family had been at St Kerian. The first saw him in great poverty, without prospect of betterment; the second shone on him with a future opening before him; but it did not find him, for all that, with a more softened and Christmas-like spirit. He arrived at home on the eve.

Over the great fire that burned on what is locally termed the 'heath-grate' hung a caldron, in which was boiling the plum-pudding for the morrow. Cable sat in the armchair by the fire, with little Bessie on one knee, and Susie on the other, with Lettice standing in the chair behind him, scrambling up his back, and the four other children sitting on their stools in a semi-circle round the fire. They were in neat stuff frocks, with clean white pinafores over them. The father was full of joy and fun, when a tap came at the door, and some neighbours entered to congratulate him on his return and to hear the news.

They stood before the fire, thrusting the little girls aside, talking, asking questions, hinting pretty broadly their desire to know how his affairs went—well-intentioned visitors, with kindly meant inquiries, but vexing to Cable, who did not

care to be disturbed. He answered shortly, with gravity; he showed no pleasure at the visit; he put aside their questions unanswered. He did not ask the intruders to be seated and take a pipe; so that, after a few minutes, somewhat disconcerted, they retired. An opportunity for conciliation had been offered, and rejected.

Richard Cable had never cared for the society of his fellow-men, even in the old days, but then he had not shunned it. Now that he had entered on a business which took him among men, he valued his privacy more than formerly. He was not at home for very long, and whilst there, he desired to be left alone with his precious ones. The St Kerian people were not travellers; they remained stationary where their fathers had stood, and their grandfathers before them. Richard Cable had become a rolling stone, after having fallen among them with every promise of becoming a fixture. The proverb says that a rolling stone gathers no moss; but the St Kerian stones collected very little, and Cable at every roll came back with the gold moss clinging to him. A rolling stone he was, stony to all he encountered, hard, unyielding; but with his centre of gravity never displaced, always drawing him towards the cob cottage; and when he was there, there was nothing stony about him, there he was soft, soft as moss.

Scarce had the visitors gone, when another rap came at the door, and before he had called to enter, the door flew open, and in danced several mummers. St George, with a tin pot and a cock's feather for helmet and plume, and a fishpan lid for shield, and a red shawl for mantle; the dragon of pasteboard, overlaid with tinfoil. King Herod with a gold-paper crown and corked moustache and beard. Beelzebub with a black sweep's suit, and complexion to match. Some of the smallest of the children began to cry—Bessie and Susie, who were on his knees; Lettice stood behind him, peering over his shoulder, feeling herself safe behind such a bulwark; but the others laughed, jumped about like kids, and clapped their hands. Cable would have driven the mummers out; he threatened them; but Mary and Martha interposed and entreated him to let them see the show. Then ensued the old-fashioned masque of St George and the Dragon, in doggerel rhyme. The mummers were all boys, and they had learned the traditional play by heart. They recited their parts without much animation and action, as though saying their collects in Sunday school. It was dull fun to Cable; but it delighted the little maidens, their delight reaching its climax when Mary cried out: 'Oh! I know who St George is! You are Walter Penrose.' Thereat St George interrupted the performance to pull a huge, red-streaked apple, a quarendon, out of his trousers-pocket, and present it to Mary with a bow and a laugh: 'And this is St George's Christmas present to little Mary Cable.'

Then the demon brandished his club, made of sacking, enclosing hay, and, banging the performers with it right and left, shouted at the top of his voice:

'Up and cometh Beelzebub,
And knocketh them all down with his club.'

Whereupon the mummers danced out of the

door. Then Richard Cable stood up, put down Bessie and Susie, shook off Lettice, and went to the door and put the bolt across it and turned the lock.

'O father!' cried Mary, 'wasn't that kind of Walter? He is so good! He always gives me sugar-plums whenever I see him.'

'My dear Mary,' said her father, 'I object to you receiving any presents from any St Kerian people. Walter— Is he the blacksmith's son? Well, the time will come when you will hold up your head too high to take apples from and play with the sons of common village blacksmiths.— Throw that apple away!'

'O father!' cried all the little girls together.

'Don't say that,' pleaded Mary. 'Take out your knife, father, and cut the apple into seven.'

'Very well,' he said moodily; 'this time, but this only. Let it be the last; and understand, Mary, that you take nothing again from Walter Penrose or from any other St Kerian child.'

'But, papa,' said little Mary, 'Walter is so kind, and when we get old, I am going to be his little wife.'

'Never,' said Cable angrily—'never.'

Then, all at once, outside burst forth the song of the Christmas carollers:

'Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

But Richard Cable did not open the door and look forth, and wish the singers a glad Noël, and offer them plumcake and a jug of cider. In all his children's eyes looking at him was trembling entreaty, but he heeded it not. He sat by the fire, looking gloomily into it.

Then the seven little girls raised their voices, and sang inside the cottage, along with the choir without:

'Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

'My children sing better than the trained choristers outside,' said Cable to himself. He sat motionless, though the carollers waited without for their Christmas greeting. They did not get it. The rolling stone was stone indeed; and the more it rolled, and the more the prospect of gathering gold moss opened before it, the more flinty it became.

Then the choir went away; and the hushed children and their silent father heard the singers carolling before another house half a mile away. The music came to them faint and sad. There was no peace, no mercy mild and reconciliation in the heart of Richard Cable that Christmas eve.

RUSSIAN FISHERIES.

IN the Arctic regions, so greatly does fish preponderate over all other kinds of food, that the people there have often been grouped together under the name of Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters; and there have been naturalists who have followed this idea so far that they have been able to discover a fishy type of physiognomy among them. Some of these

people in the course of their lives probably never taste any other kind of food; and as its peculiar richness in fat especially adapts it to their requirements of an easily digestible heat-giver, it is well that nature has been so lavish in peopling the waters. So numerous are the individual members of the finny tribes, that they may be said to exist in their myriads, thus forming a striking contrast to land animals, which are comparatively scarce. This abundance of fish arises from the evenness of temperature of water as compared with land. Seaweeds grow luxuriantly in latitudes where land-plants of any importance would be an impossibility, and thus the primary requirements of a large population of animals are supplied. If it were not for this supply of seaweed, it is not too much to say that the Arctic regions would be almost uninhabited; but, thanks to the consequent abundance of fish, the Eskimo and the Samoides extend themselves to within ten degrees of the Pole.

In a cold country like Russia, three-quarters of which has a mean annual temperature of only forty degrees—that is, of only eight degrees above freezing-point, and nearly half of which has a mean January temperature of more than twenty-two degrees of frost—there are millions of people who must depend on the sea, the lakes, and the rivers for a very large proportion of their daily food, and who rarely if ever partake of animal food except in the form of fish. To them, the takes of salmon, pike, shad, herring, cod, haddock, and dorse are as much a harvest as the harvest of the fields is in more favoured regions. St Petersburg, indeed, is the metropolis of fish-dinners; nowhere else can fish be placed on the table in so many different forms, and nowhere else can so many fish-delicacies be procured: there, you may have endless varieties of fish-soups; fish baked, boiled, steamed, stewed; fish-salad, fish-pies, fish-brawn, potted fish, marinated fish; fish fresh, salted, dried, smoked, or frozen; and when you have got through the catalogue of most European fish, you may begin again with preparations of fish-roe.

The Arctic Ocean and the White Sea are extremely rich fishing-grounds, and furnish most of the trade of Archangel. The fish of this region comprise the salmon, herring, cod, whiting, tusk, coalfish, ling, pollack, and dorse, many of which are sold as stockfish. The Baltic is not so rich, and supplies no stockfish except dorse.

But it is in fresh water that Russia stands pre-eminent in Europe. Besides the fresh-water fish, there are the fish, such as salmon, sturgeon, eels, and so on, which ascend the rivers at certain seasons. Each river is let off in sections to farmers, some of whom are great capitalists; while others are obliged to advocate the principles of co-operation, or to fish alone. Some rivers—the Volga, for instance—are strictly considered as Crown monopolies; others are reserved to the nobles and the townships; but fishing licenses form one of the most remunerative sources of Russian revenue.

The Volga is the richest fish-river in Europe. Its length is 2200 miles. Other rivers are—the

Petchora, 900 miles long; Mezen, 480; Dwina, 760; Onega, 380; Dniester, 700; Bug, 340; Dnieper, 1200; Don, 1100; Kuban, 480; and the Ural, 1020 miles in length respectively. Besides these giants, there are hundreds of rivers which may vie in size with our own Thames and Severn; and then there are thousands of sheets of fresh water, for a great portion of Russia belongs to the Baltic region of glacier-formed lakes. These range in size from mere ponds to such a sheet of water as Lake Ladoga, which covers an area of 6330 square miles, which is equal to more than three-quarters of the extent of Wales. Then there are—Onega, 3280 square miles; Saima, 2000; Peipus, 1250; Enara, 1200; Bieloe, 420; Ilmen, 390; and Pskov, 280. Our own largest lake is Lough Neagh, in Antrim, which only covers 153 square miles. Nor are the Russian lakes mere gigantic horseponds, which might be drained as the Dutch lakes have been; but, like most glacier-formed lakes, they have considerable depth. Ladoga has a maximum depth of one thousand feet; while several of the others range down to eight hundred.

From these statements, it will be seen that the aggregate amount of fresh water in Russia available for fisheries or for fish-culture is immense; and it is everywhere thickly studded with pike, salmon, lake-trout, shad, thicksnouts, red bream, perch, and carp; while the larger rivers also yield sturgeon.

The Russian is to some extent prevented from settling down as an agriculturist by the amenities of his climate, but more by his old nomadic blood, so that, in spite of the immense strides which civilisation has made in Europe, he alone is still a semi-savage. He still prefers a semi-nomadic employment to farming, and the fresh-water fisheries meet his requirements.

In the south-east of Russia is the greatest salt lake in the world, the Caspian Sea, which has an area of 130,000 square miles—that is, an area greater than all the British Islands put together, with an additional island larger than England thrown in extra—is intimately connected with the fresh-water fisheries of the Volga and the Ural; for the fish migrate from fresh water to salt, and from salt to fresh, there as elsewhere. The great fishery of this region is that for the sturgeon (*Accipenser sturio*), and its kindred the great sturgeon or beluga (*A. huso*), the sewruga (*A. stellatus*), the osseter (*A. Guldenstadti*), and the small sturgeon or sterlet (*A. ruthensius*); also for the salmon, white salmon, and knife-fish. The sturgeon family attains to an enormous size, especially the beluga, which sometimes measures twenty feet in length, and weighs two thousand five hundred pounds, though specimens of over one thousand pounds are rare. The sewruga is also a giant; but the other sturgeons are seldom taken above six feet in length. The number of these giants disposed of annually at Astrakhan has in some years been enormous—three hundred thousand sturgeons, one hundred thousand belugas, and millions of the others. No wonder that there are complaints of the failure of the supplies, and, as is usual where ignorance prevails, the mischief is attributed to every cause but the right. 'It is because of the steamboats!' says the moujik, and forthwith the moujik hates the sight of a steamboat. But steam or no steam, the sturgeon of the Caspian may

soon become as rare a curiosity as Thames salmon.

Astrakhan, the principal Caspian port, is one of the most important fishing-stations in the world. From this region alone the Russian revenue nets about a million pounds sterling for fishery licenses; and during the fishing season, twenty thousand strangers, ranging in degree from simple labourers to gigantic capitalists, come in to compete with the regular inhabitants for the profits from the fish industries.

The fishery-trades are systematically pursued in Russia, since so much of the national life depends on these industries. As a general rule, a Company of capitalists begins by forming a fishing-station (*utschug*); and here they make a dam; they catch the fish; they manufacture nets, harpoons, traps, and lures; they convert fish-refuse—heads, bones, scales, entrails, and sounds—into glue, gelatine, and isinglass, or even into manure; they split, clean, salt, smoke, or freeze the fish; and they distribute them through the country to their agents for sale, much of this latter work being done by sledges in winter, to save freight. They also pursue the more lucrative fish-industries, such as manufacturing the finest kinds of isinglass and gelatine, as well as that curious fish-product known as caviare. 'Twas caviare to the general,' wrote Shakspeare, when the Russian Company of London introduced it to this country; and unless men train themselves to like it, just as they train themselves to eat olives, they are still likely enough to splutter when they get a mouthful of it. Caviare is the roe of the sturgeon tribe of fish; but salmon and pike roes are usually added, to assist in increasing the bulk. The roe is cleaned, then washed with vinegar, salted, and dried, when it is packed in casks. The best quality is prepared more carefully from the sturgeons alone. The salting is conducted in long narrow bags of linen, which are hung along a cord and half-filled with roe. A very strong brine is then poured into each bag until it overflows. When the brine has all passed through, the bags are taken down, carefully squeezed, to expel all superfluous liquid; and after a short exposure to the air, packed in casks. The finest quality of caviare made is that prepared from sterlet roe; but this is said not to find its way into commerce, being reserved mainly for the Czar's table. It has been stated that three and a-half million pounds of caviare are annually packed at Astrakhan alone.

Every known method of fish-capture is probably pursued in Russia, from the spear to the hook, and from the net to the trap; but as the Russian fishes for commerce, and not for sport, the sanity of a man who prefers a 'fly' to a dragging net would be strongly questioned. In other words, 'legitimate sport' is a consideration which never enters a Russian's head. The fishery is the best harvest, and the best man is he who boasts the biggest take. The fishing-season is a time of joy, for then each man knows he is laying in a stock for the winter, or is earning his best wages. At the fishing-season, therefore, the villages are full of life and merriment. Bonfires are lighted on the shore, to prepare food for the fishermen, and carts are held in readiness to take the monsters off at once to the cleaning-houses, where men

and women are busily engaged in the various processes.

Night expeditions are preferred by the villagers. Beyond the prow of the boat hangs an iron cage, in which burns a fire of pine-logs. The fish come in shoals towards the light, and a man standing in the boat harpoons them with a spear of three prongs. Now and again, down goes the spear; and when it is drawn in, a finny monster is wriggling on its prongs. This is drawn into the boat by means of hooks, and the men immediately row to the shore with their prize. It is a weird sight to see the immense expanse of water dotted with these moving fires, and surrounded by the stationary fires of the encampment, with the dark pine forests for a background; it is weird to hear the shouts from boat to boat, and the loud merriment of those on shore.

The capitalists who fish for a season go to work more systematically. They first of all construct an *utschug* or 'fish-dam.' Stout poles long enough to project a foot out of the water are driven into the bed of the river until they reach right across. A strong rail joins the tops of these posts; and to this are fastened constructions of basket-work which do not touch the bottom. On this arrangement, against the stream, are placed a number of chambers or compartments of basket-work with a swing flap or door. When the fish comes against the flap, it opens, admits the fish into the compartment, and then closes. Occasionally, such a chamber is lowered into the water by itself by means of a number of ropes. In these compartments are arranged several strings, attached to floats in such a way that by watching the floats it is easy to see when a capture is made. In winter, one of these compartments is let down through a hole in the ice, and a hut is erected close by for the watchers. Sometimes, especially in winter, the tell-tales, instead of being attached to floats, are fastened to bells, so that the attendants may remain on shore by their fire until they hear the fish ringing his death-knell.

Occasionally, a cable is sunk into the water; to this are attached a certain number of night-lines baited with a kind of fish known as an obla. Whenever the compartments or night-lines are examined, a man stands ready with a strong gaff, which he plunges smartly into the gills of the fish as soon as it appears on the surface. A rope is immediately fixed to the gaff, and the boat makes for the shore, where the fish is more readily despatched. The cleansers commence operations by beheading their fish; they then open it and carefully remove the roe, which is placed by itself in a tub, and sent off to the caviare-works. The sounds are next taken out and hung up on a long line to dry in the sun. The inner fat is now scraped out, and sent away, to be clarified and made into a kind of fish-butter. The flesh is last of all cut up into convenient slices, and salted or smoked as the case may be, or preserved in ice, to be sent all over Russia as fresh fish.

Some years back, the entrails and refuse were thrown away, and were at once seized by cormorants, which came in great numbers; but in the best regulated fish-villages, the modern economic chemist has set to work to convert all this refuse into isinglass, glue, or manure. He acknowledges nothing as 'waste,' and has

not only banished the word from his vocabulary, but has actually shown that some of the most solid profits of a fishery are realised by 'gathering up the fragments.'

THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE CATASTROPHE.

THERE does not often happen a tragedy of a character to excite and absorb the interest of the Anglo-Indian community, who, as a rule, are obliged to be satisfied with the most they can make out of such social doings as ordinarily take place, in dearth of other matter. But the terrible occurrence at Jullabad in the 'cold season' before last, created a sensation profound enough to monopolise everybody's interest for nearly a year afterwards—to the manifest advantage, it may be remarked, of those individuals whose social escapades during that period of absorption would otherwise have received the warm observation to which they were entitled. But nobody—not even Mrs Colonel Speedy, the dread and respected 'leader' and lawgiver of Jullabad society, without whose revision and sanction no scandal was permitted to go forth into legitimate currency—had any mind to spare, during the continuance of the Jullabad sensation, to go into minor matters.

It was with amazement loudly expressed, and with a deeper feeling of pity seldom expressed at all, that the station heard of Colonel Humby's marriage. Colonel Humby was Deputy-Commissioner of the district of Jullabad. This was his second marriage, and his former wife was not a year dead. The man was nearer to fifty years of age than to forty; and hard drinking and the unrestrained indulgence of violent passions had left their dire stamp upon features which nature had made none too attractive. How any woman of Caucasian race could have so shut her eyes as to give herself to such a man, was in itself amazing; but the amazement became astounding when it was credibly reported that Colonel Humby's second wife was young and charming, well-bred and rich.

The feminine portion of Jullabad were pale with womanly indignation. The unmarried men developed a kind of madness—even the married men caught it; for it was only human nature in revolt against an outrage. There was drinking at the messes and Assembly Rooms such as no one remembered before, and play seemed literally reckless. Everybody knew Colonel Humby; and it was monstrous that he should have got a wife so young and so charming, so well-bred and so rich, as this second bride was reported to be.

But although the indignation of Jullabad was both loud and deep, the 'pity of it' was that which was deeper still and about which no tongue spoke. The late Mrs Humby was not a beautiful woman or a social figure of any degree; people saw very little of her; but they knew she had clung to her husband with an ill-requited fidelity which had helped him upward in life, and more than once saved him from death itself—that she had lived a slave, and had died from brutality, as her reward. Everybody knew this, and that Colonel

Humby was a murderer whom the law had no power to touch. As soon as he buried his wife, he started off to Europe on a year's furlough; and now he was bringing back, inside of nine months, this second wife—the only child and heiress of a millionaire! As has been said, wrath and indignation against the man were loud on every tongue; for the ill-starred bride there was deep pity. Jullabad knew nothing concerning the second Mrs Humby except that she was American by birth, not English—until an officer in the Southwold Fusiliers, who had once met her, supplied a few further particulars. Her father had made a fortune in the West Indian trade. Lieutenant Everest had made their acquaintance a couple of years ago at Mentone, where they were staying on account of the old gentleman's health. All the charms of youth and beauty, and innocence and amiability, were embodied in the American maiden. Interrogated to account for her accepting Colonel Humby for a husband, Lieutenant Everest was dumb—it was unaccountable; and the contemplation of the fact made him, who had seen her, look like a man who had been ravished of his own bride on the very steps of the altar.

Colonel Humby and his bride were in its midst before Jullabad became aware of the fact. No preparation of any kind had been made at the colonel's bungalow, the colonel himself, presumably, regarding such preparations as unnecessary; so that the second Mrs Humby found the place exactly as the first Mrs Humby had left it—even to the details of the latter's slippers and dresses, which still occupied their accustomed places. The first time Colonel Humby was seen after his return his face flamed with brandy, as of old; but none anticipated otherwise. Of Mrs Humby, Jullabad could not get a single glimpse. The colonel never went to church, and very likely refused to allow her to go; at all events, when two Sundays had passed and Mrs Humby did not appear, Mrs Colonel Speedy, sitting in council over a five o'clock tea in her veranda, decreed that she herself and four other ladies of lesser degree should 'call on' the poor bride in due order of precedence, and bring all the social battery of the station to her relief. So, one after another, they called, and were received timidly and gratefully by the young wife. But their calls were not returned. Sometimes in the early morning Mrs Humby was passed on her pony in the partially reclaimed tract of jungle which was dignified with the name of 'The Park'; sometimes she was seen sitting alone in the veranda reading or sewing, or wandering about the garden in the late evening; but she was as isolated from all intercourse with human beings—except her native servants—as if her husband's bungalow were a zenana.

In this matter, Colonel Humby was too strong for Jullabad. He cared nothing for society in the station, which, indeed, he had long ago provoked and defied to his utmost, so that he could add little more to his unpopularity now; and he was his wife's lord and master. For what people said he did not care; he required his wife to obey his will, and to hold no communication with others save with his permission and in his presence; and as, under the condition of Colonel Humby's presence, no one desired any communi-

cation with Mrs Humby, the result was her complete isolation.

It was in February Colonel Humby brought his wife to Jullabad; and by the time that people began to prepare for the annual migration to the hills—in the early days of April—the circumstances of Mrs Humby had grown to be accepted as an established fact about which it was useless to talk any longer. In the stir of moving to the hills she was for a time forgotten. Etheria, the hill station which pertained to Jullabad, only fifty miles off, was a very delightful place and famous for its 'pace,' so that for a couple of months pleasure reigned paramount in that bracing and wicked altitude. About this time, however, men who had been left behind on the hot plains for duty began to turn up, exhausted, for their six weeks' leave, and these brought strange rumours with them. Colonel Humby was keeping his young wife on the plains for the hot season! This was inhuman enough; but other stories floated about on the air—stories spoken in whispers. The man was drinking heavily and using the poor child with cruelty.

Among the officers who were obliged to remain in Jullabad for the necessary discharge of military duties was Lieutenant Everest of the Fusiliers, already mentioned. Three other officers of his corps remained, and from the veranda of their mess-bungalow there was a view of the 'compound' belonging to the bungalow of Colonel Humby. Being imprisoned within-doors for ten or twelve hours of the blazing day, they sat smoking and talking in their veranda—or some distance out in the open—up to one or two o'clock in the morning. One night in July—a still, stifling night, the atmosphere like that of a heated oven, though it was half an hour past midnight—the four men lay back in rocking-chairs in the open compound, languidly smoking, and for the most part silent through sheer want of breath to carry on conversation. All else was silent, too, save for the occasional hungry yelp of a pack of jackals prowling for offal in the vicinity of the bungalows, or the more distant cachinnating bark of the 'laughing'-hyena in the jungles. Even these wonted sounds were intermittent and faint under the atmospheric oppression. The stillness was suddenly broken upon in a manner to rouse into instant activity the enfeebled vitality of the four officers and quicken their interest to a degree of excitement. Cries of alarm broke on the air from the direction of Colonel Humby's bungalow. These were followed, in a minute or two, by the native servants flying in all directions from the compound.

'Humby is in a fit,' observed one of the officers. 'I suppose he is thrashing the natives.'

He had hardly spoken when a short, sharp, scream pierced the air, and the four men leaped to their feet.

'He is killing his wife!' cried one.

There was a minute's silence—painful and anxious silence to these chivalrous men, thinking of the unprotected girl subjected to the brutality of a madman in that isolated bungalow. Then a white figure appeared in the veranda; she stood for a moment in an attitude of fear and indecision, and turning her head quickly towards the door by which she had emerged, sprang from the veranda and ran down the garden

among the shrubs. The four officers were in a distressing situation. The most chivalrous are bound, under the usages of civilisation, to hesitate before interfering between man and wife. There was further reason for hesitating here. The man might be menacing her life, but they could not say so; he might be simply treating her with that brutality in which the law passively licenses the unresisted tyrant. But for men in their position to thrust themselves, from whatever motive, into the domestic concerns of an official holding the high civil rank of Colonel Humby was an act of temerity at which they had good reason to hesitate. Officialism is the governing power in India, and a certain status in the 'service' carries with it (if need be) practical exemption from the operations of the law.

'There he is!' was the exclamation, as Colonel Humby was seen reeling into the veranda. He appeared to be searching for his wife. Not finding her, he stepped off the veranda and went slowly down through the garden.

'He will find her—she is in white. Are we men to stand here?' exclaimed one of the officers.

'Not I, for one!' answered Lieutenant Everest with set teeth. 'If the man were the Governor-General, he shall not ill-use his wife again while I can protect her.' He darted down the compound as he spoke, followed by the others, and took a direction which led towards that part of the garden whither Mrs Humby had disappeared. Her husband was still floundering about among the bushes some distance up. Everest had placed his foot upon the low earth-fence to step into the garden, when he saw her crouching in a heap beneath an orange-tree. The young officer remained where he was, ready to leap across. Colonel Humby called his wife's name; and the poor thing crouched closer to the ground with her hands clasped above her head, as if to offer what frail protection they could against a coming blow. Everest's blood boiled and his fingers twitched savagely. Regardless of consequences, there was a brute's punishment awaiting the Deputy-Commissioner as soon as he discovered his wife's hiding-place. The intoxicated beast was so long in coming! Every detour to right or left among the shrubs made Everest's teeth snap with impatience.

Before the wished-for moment of dire chastisement, however, a shriek of agonised terror from Mrs Humby brought the officer with a leap to the spot. He staggered with horror when he discovered the cause. A cobra was wriggling up the tree at the foot of which the unfortunate girl had been crouching. The deadly reptile paused a moment in its ascent, and with glittering eyes and angrily extended 'hood,' hissed its defiance. Everest had nothing in his hand; and, oblivious to danger, clenched his fist, and dealt the dreaded snake so terrific a blow behind the hood that its spine was shattered, and it dropped to the ground, coiling and recoiling in vicious knots, but powerless to do further mischief. Then the officer raised the unconscious woman in his arms and bore her from the spot. The others, on hearing the shriek, had entered the garden too, and met Everest carrying Mrs Humby.

'Run quickly, one of you, for Dr Rainsford—she has been bitten by a cobra!'

'Good heavens!' was the exclamation of all

three together. Then one started at a run for the doctor; whilst another observed, below his breath: 'If that is so, Charlie, the doctor will be little use; she will be dead before he is here. Take her up to the bungalow.'

Halfway up the path, Colonel Humby stood, in flannel trousers and shirt. Mr Everest, carrying the girl in his arms, walked first, his two brother-officers following close behind. The Deputy-Commissioner took a position in the middle of the path, evidently determined to allow them to go no farther.

'What does this mean?' demanded Humby.

'Your wife has been bitten by a cobra—let me pass,' answered Everest.

The man seemed staggered for a moment, and looked closely into the white face which lay on Everest's shoulder. Then he drew back a pace and glared at the young officer. 'Put her down!' he commanded, pointing to the ground. 'What brought you there? Put my wife down, I say!'

The young fellow's breath came quick and hard, and for a short space he was unable to speak; then, to the astonishment of his friends, he slowly and gently laid the unconscious form across the path, and having done so, drew himself erect and looked at Colonel Humby. The latter made a motion to approach his wife; but in an instant Everest's foot was across her; and shaking in every fibre from excitement, he put out his clenched hand and stopped the man. 'Colonel Humby!' he shouted, 'I will give you ten seconds to obey. Get out of my way, or'—

Colonel Humby was sober enough to see his danger. With a low growl like that of a baffled beast, he turned his back and walked off. Everest drew a deep breath, and tenderly lifted Mrs Humby in his arms. They laid her on a couch in the veranda, administering stimulants as well as they could, until Dr Rainsford arrived, which was in less than ten minutes.

'A cobra, did you say?' inquired the doctor, proceeding to examine hands and feet for the puncture of the poisoned fang.

'I saw it wriggling up the tree under which she was sitting—I killed it,' was the answer.

'In that case, I fear I can do nothing. Poor child!'

The doctor failed to discover the mark of the snake's bite. He poured some brandy down her throat, and sat regarding her attentively with his hands clasped under his chin. A faint fluttering of her bosom and a movement of the eyelids aroused his interest, and he leaned over her and laid his hand on her left side. 'She has not been bitten! The poor thing has only been frightened almost to death. Stand back—or, wait; let us carry this couch out into the open.'

It turned out as the doctor said. In a few minutes, Mrs Humby opened her eyes, closed them again with a shudder, and began to breathe quickly. She had discovered the snake moving among the folds of her dress, and, with that cry of horror which they had heard, had fainted.

Colonel Humby now appeared upon the scene, and heard of his wife's escape with an appearance of shocking indifference.

Dr Rainsford remained a minute or two after the officers left, to have a word with the Deputy-Commissioner. 'Colonel Humby,' he said, 'it is not for others to interfere in any man's private

affairs. I know you are indifferent as to public opinion; but let me warn you of this fact, sir, as a medical man. If you keep your wife on the plains for the remainder of this hot season, you will furnish another grave in the station cemetery before Christmas—in which case, colonel, you may accept my assurance that a stronger power than public opinion will call you to account.'

A fortnight afterwards, the few men in Jullabad made the discovery that Colonel and Mrs Humby were gone to the hills—had, in fact, been some days gone. They did not appear at Etheria; and indeed it was not until their return—in the middle of October—that people knew where they had been.

Matters seemed to go on as usual. Mrs Humby was never met in the mornings upon her pony through the Park, but she was visible in the veranda almost all day long, engaged in needlework. As far as could be judged from such a view as was obtainable thus, she looked better; the atmosphere of the hills had brought back some colour to her cheek. And there was, besides, that sacred and silent expectancy in her bosom which gives brightness to woman's eye in the midst of darkness. Was not the promise of this baby-life, coming to brighten her own, more precious to the ill-used and solitary wife than it ever can be to more fortunate sisters ministered to by the solicitous love of husband and friends?

Then came the time when she was seen no longer in the veranda. Even the masculine heart of Jullabad was touched when it became known that her infant was dead. The mother's lot was darker than before. What went on in that bungalow nobody knew, for no European went there—no Englishwoman even could obtain admittance to the house with a woman's aid and sympathy, when these were sorely needed in the time of agony and grief. The crowning outrage of all was soon made known, and drew a shout of indignation from the community: to attend his wife in her illness, Colonel Humby employed a native doctor!

Public feeling at last became so strong against Colonel Humby's treatment of his unhappy wife, that a statement was drawn up, to be signed by every resident in the station, and forwarded to the Lieutenant-Governor of the province—or if necessary, to the government at Simla itself. As Sir Charles O'Reilly, the Lieutenant-General, was the first official in Jullabad, to him the deputation of ladies came with this paper for the sanction of his signature at the head of the list. The general read the document through, and observed: 'Ladies, I would in this matter willingly sign my name to a stronger representation of the case. As far as I can judge, however, the movement is of a kind to do more harm than good to the poor thing whom we all desire to befriend.'

'How so, Sir Charles?' demanded Mrs Speedy. 'Can anything be possibly worse than her present situation? And we owe something to ourselves!'

'Very true. But what could either the Lieutenant-Governor or the government do? They could only remove the man to another district, which would make things no better. And our interference on her behalf would only deepen still more Colonel Humby's unaccountable cruelty to his wife. You cannot help a woman who is

passively submissive to whatever treatment her husband deals out to her. You may pity her as much as you will; you cannot help her.—We had better let this movement drop," he added, pointing to the paper on the table.

"I'll tell you what I would do, Charles," said the general's lovely wife with flashing eyes, "if I were Mrs Humby; I would roast the man in the ashes of his own bungalow!"

Lady O'Reilly's high-spirited declaration was the only comfort which the deputation carried away with them. Convinced by what the general had said, the movement against Colonel Humby was dropped; but the sentiment of so exalted and respected a lady as the general's wife was too precious not to be widely dwelt upon. In a few hours all Jullabad knew, with deep satisfaction, Lady O'Reilly's declaration that in Mrs Humby's place she would roast her husband in the flames of his own bungalow.

There was many a secret wish that Colonel Humby might indeed goad his unhappy wife to some such desperate act. No one dreamed how nearly the outburst of Lady O'Reilly's indignant heart foreshadowed the tremendous tragedy which appalled the community four-and-twenty hours later.

The following night there was a dance at the Assembly Rooms; and at about eleven o'clock, when the revelry was at its highest, the band—which played outside the building—suddenly stopped. For some seconds the dancers stood on the floor, expecting the music to resume; then an electric thrill of unaccountable excitement swept through the crowd. A gathering and rising of voices without caused a rush to the veranda. There was a dull red glare in the sky; and smoke, flames, and fragments of burning wood were thrown up above the trees beneath it. Every person there knew that it was Colonel Humby's bungalow that was burning—that in fifteen minutes the fire would have eaten it to the ground.

LOW-TONED FICTION.

MANY of the novels now published may be classed under the above heading, more especially those written by inferior novelists. Women are great offenders in this respect, some honourable exceptions shining out among others like stars in a cloudy sky. Every day sees some new novel issue from the press, and chronicles the plunge of yet another aspirant for literary fame into the crowded arena, to swell the lengthy list of authors.

It is a sign of the times that what are termed 'racy' novels are the most run after by the fiction-reading public, and consequently those most readily accepted by certain publishers. In this money-getting, money-grubbing age, some publishers and authors seem to have met on common ground in pandering to a vitiated public taste, and producing books which will not bear the test of being read aloud in the home-circle. Among the worst offenders in such novel-writing are women, who choose *risqué* subjects to write on, and dwell with a minuteness of detail on topics which the purer-minded of their sisters would hesitate to speak of. There are exceptions,

as we have said—women who do not degrade their talents, but write with a purity of purpose books which it is a pleasure to read and re-read.

Can any one, looking at the question of nineteenth-century light literature from an unprejudiced point of view, say that the style of writing now is an improvement on that which obtained a century ago? The novels of those days were decidedly coarse, their plainness of speech corresponding with the habits and customs of the period; but books were then written with the laudable intention of showing up the vices of which they treated, and, if possible, checking such vices by pungent and scathing satire; thus being in advance of fashionable modern society-novels, which, though more refined in speech, are more destructive to morality, in that the authors gloss over sin, picturing it in alluring colours, wrapping it up in sensuous word-painting, and, while professing to disapprove, yet setting it before youthful imaginations in anything but its hideous reality; or else write in such a matter-of-fact, every-day-occurrence sort of a light of vice as to rob it of its actual criminality.

Both styles are deeply to be regretted, for both are working incalculable harm; and it is sad to reflect on the marked increase of books of this stamp. Rare, indeed, is it to find a novel in which the interest is not centred on the love of a man for a married woman, or of a young girl for a married man. We cannot blind ourselves to what goes on in the world around us, but we do not wish such knowledge thrust at us, so to speak, in fiction. That love is the legitimate theme of romance, one is quite ready to acknowledge, but not love of such a spurious, not to say sinful character. Without being unduly censorious, or wishing to attribute to novelists who so systematically degrade their talents, absolute impurity of motive, it is impossible to do otherwise than lament the immoral tendencies of the age with regard to light literature; authors, publishers, and the public are alike to blame. If such books were not eagerly sought after, they would neither be written nor published, and we should be able to allow new novels to lie on our tables without fear of their contaminating the minds of our growing families. It is no narrow-minded prudishness which causes us to write thus; it is a mere dealing with the acknowledged fact, that our lighter literature is each year becoming less moral, and that the effect of this deterioration in fiction upon the rising generation is already bringing forth evil fruit, and proving, by lowering the wall between vice and virtue, disastrous in the extreme.

It is not necessary to mention the authors who are in this respect the worst offenders; names will readily occur to those who indulge in novel-reading from choice, or are obliged to wade through fiction for reviewing purposes. Of avowed realistic writers, those who follow the French school, little need here be said; they write with a motive; how far they are justified in so doing is an open question. If good is done by such realism, it is weighed down in the balance by evil—the evil of example not being one of the least of the faults to be laid at its door. Some one low down in the scale of literature argues: 'So-and-so writes in such-and-such a style, and

his, or her, books always take;' and then proceeds to a slavish imitation of the subject handled, without the breadth and power of treatment which raised the other's work out of the ordinary groove. Clever writers will do real abiding good if they refuse to follow the taste of the day for highly sensational matter, and use the talents given them to raise the general tone of fiction; thus setting a good example to the ruck of imitators who think only of the monetary side of the question, and write in a questionable style because it pays them to do so, their excuse being: 'We must live; our profession is literature; and unless we write books bordering on, if not actually overstepping the bounds of morality, they will not be considered "racy" enough to meet the present taste, and so fail to find a market.'

To such may be said: 'Your brain-power is given you to employ for good, not evil; better never touch a pen again, than use that pen in a manner harmful to the world you live in by throwing wider open the gate of pernicious literature.'

A remedy for this growing evil is not easy to find; but if reviewers would steadily set themselves against noticing in any way low-toned and immoral publications, the thin end of the wedge would be inserted. If such novels fell still-born from the press, publishers would no longer care to accept them; and the supply being governed by the demand, they would decrease in number, as writers turned their imaginations into healthier channels. An adverse review often helps much more to sell a book of a doubtful nature than one in its favour, condemnation merely stimulating a certain class to read the novel censured. But if such works were simply ignored, they would not circulate to the extent they now do. At first, it would be difficult to bring this rule into practice; but it could be done if the editors of the best papers and magazines, whose duty it is to raise the tone of English literature, would agree with their reviewers that such publications as can be justly termed objectionable from a moral standpoint should not receive notice of any kind in their columns. Lesser lights would soon follow in the wake of the greater luminaries, and a salutary check would be put on the low-toned modern novel.

It is a social question this of low-toned and harmful writing, touching so closely as it does on the morals of our youth, and one it is high time was taken in hand and grappled with in serious earnestness.

A ROGUES' PICTURE-GALLERY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

In this Picture-gallery may be found portraits of 'confidence' and 'banco' men. The word *banco* was applied to an old English game with dice; and this very game has in America been elaborated into a successful method of swindling. The *banco-man* usually rents an office for a week or two, or at anyrate until such time as he can find a goose to pluck; and he has two or three partners or confederates to work with him. One of these, a well-dressed affable gentleman to all appearance, looks out in the principal streets of

the city for a likely dupe. Having found his prey, the affable one rushes up to him, shakes him warmly by the hand with 'How are you, my dear Mr Brown?' The stranger draws back for a moment, and explains that he is not Mr Brown, but that his name is Robinson, of such-and-such a town. The affable one thereupon apologises for his mistake, and retires. But the name of Robinson is whispered to a confederate, and once more the stranger is stopped by a well-dressed man. He is in a strange place, and is flattered by being addressed by name, especially by one who seems to know plenty of people at home that he knows himself, for the *banco-man* has had time to refer to a directory, and has posted himself accordingly. The fly is gradually drawn towards the web; he plays *banco* with his newly-found friend, is allowed to win for a time, but at last draws a blank, and loses a lump sum of money. It is said that a certain lecturer on things æsthetic, while he was in the States coaxing the dollars out of the public with his 'curls, sunflowers, and knee-breeches,' fell a victim to one of these swindlers, and left a large proportion of his gains as a tax on his simplicity. These men seem to be fascinated with their calling, for one of them is reported as having expressed himself as follows: 'The prettiest *banco* is when we land a big fish. Talk about trout-fishing! Just think of the fun hooking a man that's worth from five hundred to five thousand dollars! Of course, it takes a man of education and refinement to do this sort of business, but there are several college graduates among our fellows.'

The well-known dictum, 'The receiver is worse than the thief,' is strictly true, for unless the thief can find a safe market for his ill-gotten property, his occupation is gone. Receivers in large cities generally follow some legitimate business, under cloak of which they can carry on their nefarious trade. They are cautious men, who seldom get punished, partly because of the great care which they exercise in dealing with their clients, and also because of the state of the American law, which renders it extremely difficult to bring home to a man legal proof of his guilt. The receiver never deals directly with a thief, but always through a third person, generally the wife of some convict who is serving his time in prison. He gives the thief about one-fourth of the value of the articles which he purchases, and should they consist of plate or jewelry, the gold and silver are put into the melting-pot before he attempts to turn them into money. The petty thieves, pick-pockets, and shop-lifters, are his usual customers; and if he is cautious, he will drive a profitable trade with very little risk to himself.

'Sawdust-men' are a class of swindlers that live on the principle of 'diamond cut diamond,' and we confess that we have no sympathy for their numerous victims, for the latter are quite as criminal as themselves. Their *modus operandi* is the following. They first of all obtain the names of persons who are regular subscribers to lotteries, and soon compile a list of those who 'make haste to be rich.' They now issue a confidential circular, which states in guarded language that they have for sale counterfeit notes of various denominations, which they are willing to dispose of for about ten per cent. of the nominal value. A meeting is arranged at an office, and the would-be buyer

goes to make the purchase. He is shown quantities of real notes, fresh and crisp from the government treasury, while their handler pretends that they are only splendid imitation ones. An assorted number of them are chosen, tied into a bundle, and thrown carelessly to the top of the desk at which the seller sits, which desk stands against the wall. He then opens the desk for the ostensible object of showing his client something else, the upraised lid hiding for a moment the bundle of notes. While this is proceeding, a confederate in the next room opens a panel in the wall, and exchanges the bundle for a similar one stuffed with sawdust. The stranger pays his money, and walks off with the valuable parcel. When he subsequently finds that he has been cheated, he dare not seek the aid of the police, for of course his mouth is closed. This method of making the victim a participator in the crime is very clever, for it insures secrecy, and the sawdust-man continues to flourish. It is true that the panel trick has been worn somewhat threadbare; but several other dodges quite as effectual are adopted to change the notes for rubbish.

The horse is often truly described as a 'noble animal,' but, by some strange fatality, it has given rise to more ignoble transactions than any other quadruped. The frauds that are practised at horse-sales are without number, and seem almost to justify the saying of an experienced dealer, 'Trust neither your brother nor your pastor if he is trying to sell you a horse.' Let us trace one transaction of the kind. The prelude consists of an advertisement in one of the newspapers to the effect that a gentleman who is suddenly called abroad wishes to find a kind master for his beautiful brown horse, so many hands high, a fast trotter, and perfectly sound. Can be seen at his private stables. The would-be purchaser finds a commodious stable, the horse in apparent good condition, and commences negotiations with the glib-tongued man in charge. Presently a confederate rushes in and displays a great anxiety to purchase the animal. The man refuses to sell to him, on the ground that the newcomer is a mere dealer, who will sell the horse again, whereas the real object is to find a purchaser who will guarantee the favourite a good home. He would not sell to a dealer for thrice the money which he is asking for the animal. This seems conclusive; but the confederate presently whispers to the first buyer that he is determined to have the horse; and if he, the first comer, will buy it for him, he will give him a commission of fifty dollars on the transaction. This temptation to make a ten-pound note so very easily is too much for Mr Verdant Green. He buys the horse, and leads him to a place agreed upon by the confederate. But the man is not there, and the purchaser has to keep his very sorry bargain for himself. A case is cited in this book of rogues where a purchaser drove away a horse so purchased, when it dropped down dead before he had covered many yards. The police keep a sharp lookout for these 'horse-sharps,' who are, however, so careful to keep just within the law that a conviction seldom follows an arrest.

One more method of cheating, which is perhaps peculiar to the New World, is practised in the following artful manner. The performer is known as a 'gold-brick swindler,' and he is generally a

man of education and pleasing manners. With a forged letter of introduction, he calls upon a well-to-do citizen, and for the first few weeks of their acquaintance his behaviour is all that can be desired. He then tells a plausible story to the effect that some years back he was instrumental in saving the life of a notorious burglar. The burglar, for an extensive gold robbery, had since been sentenced to several years' imprisonment, but was now at large. Anxious to do the man who had saved his life in years gone by a good turn, the burglar had confided to him the fact that the produce of the gold robbery, buried during his incarceration, was now, in the shape of ingots, again in his hands. The difficulty of disposing of these was somewhat great, and for this reason he would sell them for about half their value to his old friend, who, not being a convict, could easily realise them. The well-to-do citizen is invited to purchase some of the ingots, with the understanding that they are first to be submitted to assay, to test the quality of the metal. An appointment is made with the ex-convict, and an ingot is produced. A piece is broken off each end of the bar, and a file is used to remove some gold-dust from its centre. These morsels of metal are given to the purchasers, and by them sent to an assay office; and from that office an assay note is duly received to the effect that the gold is of fine quality. A sale of the brick or bricks naturally follows; and the purchaser, who, by the way, is no better than any other receiver of stolen goods, is very well pleased for a time with his bargain. The brick is ultimately found to consist of manufactured metal with real gold ends, and a wedge of gold in the centre where it has been filed.

Want of space will not permit us to describe more of the ingenious dodges which have been and are practised in order to defraud the unwary or to tempt those who are passing honest. But the examples cited may serve to put those on their guard who are by their position likely to become a prey to evil-doers. We shall perhaps serve a better purpose by making a few remarks upon the general appearance of these men who live by crimes against property, as indicated by their photographs.

If we begin our review by a notice of the pictures of burglars, the reader will at once be prepared to believe that the Bill Sikes type of countenance is predominant. But, alas for the falsity of preconceived notions, the reader will be quite wrong. No trace of Bill Sikes is here. His portrait, as drawn by the many capable artists who have illustrated the various editions of Dickens's works, is familiar to all of us. He is a beetle-browed ruffian, with a coarse mouth and a flat nose, having, in a word, as close a resemblance to an ugly bulldog as it is possible for the human features to imitate. But the real living burglar as he is photographed here has not the remotest resemblance to that ideal, but looks like any ordinary respectable member of society. We turn to one portrait at hazard. It is numbered twenty-one, and the name below it is 'John Clare,' alias Gilmore, and he is a bank burglar. The picture is that of a good-looking man of about thirty. He wears a moustache and whiskers, and his dress is that of one who is evidently particular about his personal appearance. If we saw this portrait in a friend's album, we should probably ask to whom

this honest good-tempered face belonged. We will now turn to Mr John Clare's memoir, and ascertain why he appears in such doubtful company. Here we find first his 'Description—Thirty-six years old in 1886. Born in United States. Photographer by trade. Single. Height, five feet seven and a half inches. Weight, one hundred and fifty pounds. Black hair, dark hazel eyes, dark complexion. Wears black side whiskers and moustache. Has a slight scar on left arm near elbow.' His 'record' is too long to quote at length, but we will give the gist of it.

Clare is a clever and desperate bank burglar, and is credited with the ability to make a good set of burglar's tools. In 1866 he was tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The Court of Appeals granted him a new trial, and he was subsequently acquitted. In 1874 an attempt was made to rob the safe of the New York County Bank, and Clare, under the name of Gilmore, was the promoter of the enterprise. He hired a basement next door to the bank, and after removing, with his accomplices, the brick walls of both buildings, set a steam-engine to work to bore out the back of the safe. The police having obtained information of what was going on, made a raid and captured three of the men engaged, but Clare escaped. He was caught, however, nearly two years afterwards, and sentenced to four and a half years' imprisonment. Moral, 'Do not judge by appearances,' for our good-looking, good-tempered friend turns out to be not only a desperate burglar, but a murderer.

Let us take another case. We turn over the leaves of the volume, and are at once attracted by the portrait of number fifty-eight, for he is distinguished from his fellows by appearing in military uniform. He is quite a young man, and his name is Hugh L. Courtenay; but he prefers being known as Lord Courtenay, and has figured in the best American society as a British nobleman. We learn that he is well known all over the States and in Canada, and that there are many with whom he has made acquaintance, who would be glad to see him again, if only for the opportunity of giving him up to the police. His method of procedure is simple and effective, and the 'handle' to his name gives him a great initiatory advantage over other thieves, for the general public, even in democratic America, have a great affection for a lord. A man likes to have the opportunity of saying, 'My friend, Lord So-and-so, &c.,' and actually feels flattered when his friend, Lord So-and-so, having run short of cash, asks him to honour his cheque for a large amount. In this simple manner, the bogus British lord under discussion succeeded in duping many victims. He was at once received in the best society, and by his distinguished appearance and manners completely captivated the female portion of the community. He spent money on cheap trash, which he generously presented to his friends. A young Baltimore belle describes him as a most fascinating personage, and says that he was the first who ever 'fired her soul with love.' The scamp was in fact lionised; but as he was always 'wondering what could be the matter with his stupid bankers in London,' his male friends became suspicious. The ladies were then laid under contribution by his lordship, and many of them were victimised by him. At last the long

impending crisis came, and 'Lord' Courtenay suddenly disappeared.

Taking a general survey of the portraits, we can only describe them as being a fair sample of an ordinary crowd, except that the broad forehead in numerous cases indicates brain-power of no mean order; more especially is this the case among the forgers and counterfeiters, and it is only fair to presume that their training as engravers, chemists, &c., has led to higher intellectual development than can be found among the general public. But let it not be supposed from our remarks that all these portraits are of nice-looking people, for this is, of course, not the case. Some of the men have the word scamp as clearly traced upon their faces as if the letters were branded on their brows; but it cannot truly be said that these shady-looking ones are in greater proportion than they are in any ordinary crowd.

This last remark can hardly be applied to the female portraits, of which there are only nine, for, truth to tell, there is not one of the number that we should care to regard as an acquaintance. Perhaps the chief reason for this apparent libel on the other sex is the disadvantage under which the women labour in not being able to conceal their mouths. Of all features of the countenance, the mouth is most expressive of our inmost thoughts, and many a man is indebted to a thick moustache for shielding him from uncomplimentary criticism. The women whose portraits are before us confine their attention to pocket-picking and shop-lifting, and their doings do not call for further remark.

We close the volume with very mixed feelings, and with the suspicion that either we ourselves must be unusually blind, or that the art of physiognomy—an innate knowledge of which is such a frequent boast by people who desire to be thought observant—is a delusion and a snare. Was Lavater a humbug? or could he, if living now, trace the markings of crime in some of these placid open countenances? Our ideal portraits of criminals have vanished for ever.

It is very difficult, in attempting to draw a moral from these criminal records, to avoid giving expression to the hackneyed phrase to the effect that, if these men had applied their talents to honourable pursuits, and had exercised the same amount of industry and ingenuity in conducting them which they have devoted to crime, they might have won high places in the world's esteem. Such an exordium from the lips of the judge is a common preface to a sentence of penal servitude, and is probably regarded by hardened criminals as a necessary part of the proceedings. Judging from the histories of these wretched men, whose portraits form so strange a Picture-gallery, such remarks are quite unheeded by them. They behave as if there were only one mode of getting a living, that of circumventing their fellow-creatures. One of these criminals in our own country wrote in his diary, little thinking that the words would eventually be read in a court of justice, 'Some men has *branes* and no money, and some has money and no *branes*.' He wrote further to the effect that it was the mission of the impecunious to rob the empty-headed ones. This was his code of morality, which he proceeded to act upon until pulled up by a sentence of penal servitude. He was the type of many who mistake the low

cunning with which they are gifted for genius. As our records prove, some of these criminals possess great powers of observation, and by this means they have gained a wonderful knowledge of human nature. But they are so constituted that they cannot see any *good* in their fellow-beings. At times of failure or detection, they are apt to reflect that perhaps after all 'honesty is the best policy.' But the thought that any one can be honest as a matter of right principle is beyond them.

In years gone by, lunatics were treated far worse than criminals are in the present day. We now care for them tenderly as afflicted ones who have the strongest claim upon our sympathy. We are just beginning to regard chronic drunkenness as a disease, and find that under scientific treatment the malady can be conquered. Perhaps, as the world grows older, we may find that there is some abnormal condition of the brain which causes a man to seek crooked ways rather than earn an honest living. Such a possibility is foreshadowed to a certain extent by that sad but frequent addendum to a verdict—'Temporary insanity.'

SOMETHING ABOUT BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

EVERY one approaching London from the south or Surrey side of the Thames, through St George's Road, must have observed on his left a building of vast proportions, crowned by a fine dome springing from the centre, and standing in a large enclosed space, neatly laid out. This is the celebrated lunatic asylum commonly called 'Bedlam,' and a few words on its singular origin may not be unacceptable, as the circumstances are not generally known.

In the year 1247, a priory of canons, with brethren and sisters, was founded near the north end of Old Broad Street, in the city of London, by one Symon Fitz-Mary, who was sheriff for that year, and endowed it with all his lands in the parish of St Botolph, Bishopsgate. About the year 1340 this priory was taken under the special favour of the king, Edward III., who, as Stow quaintly describes it, 'granted protection to the brethren "*Milicie Beate Marie de Bethleme*" within the citie of London, in the 14th year of his reign. It was then an hospitall for distracted people. In this place, people that be distraight in wits are by the suite of their friendes receyved and kept as afore it was used, but not without charges to their bringers-in.'

Thus the priory of St Mary of Bethlehem became a regular hospital, chiefly devoted to the insane, and was recognised as such; and about the year 1450 it passed under the formal protection of the city of London authorities. But about a century later (1556), the corporation bought the patronage, property, and buildings with a sum of money bequeathed for that purpose by a certain charitable citizen and merchant tailor, Stephen Gennings by name. The canons of this priory were distinguished by the Star of Bethlehem embroidered on their gowns; and by their rules, they were bound to supply food and lodging to the 'Bishop of Bethlehem,' should he ever happen

to visit London. This bishop, it would appear, was connected with the brethren and monastery of St Theodosius, founded at Bethlehem, in Judea, about the year 520 A.D.; and to this convent were annexed three separate hospitals—one for the aged, one for the sick, and one for the insane. Whether this last-mentioned fact had any influence on the London establishment is not known, but it is certain that this house was recognised and used as an establishment, or asylum, for lunatics in the beginning of the fifteenth century; and the reason given for this—if Stow's statement is to be relied on—was, that 'the king of England not likinge such kind of people to remaine so near his palace,' had given orders for the immediate removal 'of certain lunatics from Charing Cross to Bethlehem in the Bishopsgate-without.' Charing Cross is here understood to mean the original lunatic hospital of London, which then stood in the parish of St Martin-in-the-Fields, and consequently close to Charing Cross. The site of this building continued to belong to the trustees of Bethlehem Hospital till the year 1830, when it was sold to, or exchanged with, the Crown, and was utilised in widening and improving what is now called West Strand, and the open space round Charing Cross.

Matters continued thus, the priory of St Mary of Bethlehem—or at anyrate a portion of it—being the recognised hospital for lunatics until the dissolution of the monasteries, when the priory being suppressed, the city, with the king's approval and confirmation, purchased the asylum which became the 'Bethlehem Hospital,' by which name it has been known ever since, all mention of its former religious title of the 'priory of St Mary of Bethlehem' being suppressed; and subsequently, the old priory church and private chapel were ordered to be removed altogether during the reign of Elizabeth, and the site was probably immediately built over.

In 1569 a benevolent lord mayor, Sir Thomas Roe, another merchant tailor, enclosed an acre of ground, 'part of the hospital land, lying on the west towards the Moor Fields,' to be used as a burial-ground, his own wife being one of the first occupants. This same ground, afterwards laid out as a private garden, was used as such until the year 1866, and still belonged, with other ground adjoining, to the governors of Bethlehem Hospital. In that year, however, it was sold to the Great Eastern Railway Company for sixty-one thousand pounds, and it is on this ground that the present Liverpool Street Station is now built.

It would appear that the name of the hospital seems to have been corrupted into its well-known title of 'Bedlam' about the middle of the sixteenth century, or shortly after that period, for we find in Shakspeare:

Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

Matthew Prior, too, uses the term:

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus
sang she,
'I love my love, because I know how truly he loves me.'

The allusion to the rattling of the 'chains on her hands' occasions a painful and uneasy feeling

in regard to the probable treatment of unfortunate lunatics in those days of darkness and barbarity, when brute force and savage violence were thought to be the only proper systems of treatment to be applied to those whose great misfortune it was to possess disordered intellects.

The old priory having at length been found inadequate, a new hospital was erected, not far from the old one, in the year 1675, in the Coleman Street Ward, outside the city wall, on a plot of land of two acres and a half, which the governors held on lease from the corporation of the city of London, at a nominal rent of one shilling per annum, for a term of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. These new hospital buildings were close against the city wall, and were designed by Robert Hooke, the well-known writer on philosophy and science, who had been appointed surveyor to the corporation, and who was intrusted with the surveying and laying out of the ground for the rebuilding of London after the great fire of 1666. He subsequently held the office of Secretary to the Royal Society until his death in 1702. The new hospital, which was five hundred and forty feet long by forty deep, is said to have cost seventeen thousand pounds. It was, however, still found too small for the increasing wants of the population, and two wings were added in 1733, devoted entirely to incurables. The entrance gates of this building bore two statues which were designed by Cibber; they represented, with life-like, painful reality, two different stages of madness. These two statues are, we believe, still preserved in the South Kensington Museum. This hospital has often been referred to by writers of the last century, and is represented by Hogarth in the last picture of his well-known series of pictorial sermons entitled the 'Rake's Progress.'

As time rolled on and population largely increased, so the demands upon the resources of the old establishment in Coleman Street continued to increase also, until it was determined to build another and a larger hospital in a more open and commodious spot, and give up the old city premises altogether. Accordingly, an eligible site of eleven acres, situated in St George's Fields, was acquired in the year 1810, a spot at that period almost 'in the country,' and very fresh and open, part of it having been occupied by the once famous 'Dog and Duck' tea and pleasure gardens, a great resort, at that period, for Londoners who were, like Mrs Gilpin, 'on pleasure bent,' and yet, like that thrifty lady, who 'had a frugal mind;' for here small luxuries in the way of tea, beer, and punch, with a little fiddling and dancing, might readily be obtained at a cheap rate. On this site, the present building was erected, at a cost of one hundred and twenty-two thousand five hundred and seventy-two pounds, or more than seven times the amount of the Coleman Street building. This large amount was made up by grants of public money, and by a large influx of subscriptions, both from private individuals and public bodies and Companies. The hospital was transferred to St George's Fields in 1815. Large additions were made to this building about the year 1838 by Sir R. Smirke, the architect of the General Post-office and the British Museum; and so stands the Bedlam of the present day, one of the largest

lunatic asylums which the country now possesses, and where every appliance and practice that kindness, humanity, and common-sense, founded on long experience and close observation, can dictate are put in requisition in the modern and scientific treatment of those labouring under the saddest and most distressing of mortal afflictions. How different from the old systems, when patients were chained and manacled, or flogged and beaten without mercy; and when the patients—even the worst cases—were exhibited to the thoughtless public, who were admitted to Bedlam at so much per head, and allowed to irritate and make sport and fun of these unfortunate and deeply afflicted creatures. But let us all be thankful that these horrors have become a matter of black history, and may be now considered as things of the past, in these days of superior knowledge and enlightened advancement.

THE CITY LIES IN HUSHED RETOPE.

THE city lies in hushed repose,
The wintry night-wind freshly blows,
As if to rock the cradled host
In slumber's sweet oblivion lost.
But hark! a sound, and lo! a sight
That wakes the town in dead of night.

A shriek and a glare,
A cry of despair
At the flames in their ire,
For the one word is 'Fire!'
The people rush out,
And, with hurry and shout,
Press on to the light
As it brightens the night,

And spreads like a banner unfurled up on high,
A sign and a terror against the dark sky!
But hark to the clatter, than music more sweet,
Of the rolling wheels and the horses' feet!
'Out of the way—out of the way!
They come to save—now clear the way!'

A sea of faces upward turned,
One fear by every heart inured;
By ruddy light is clearly read
On every brow the anxious dread.
A mother 'mid the bright light stands,
Her neck tight clasped by baby hands,
And through roar and hiss,
Not quite they miss
Her piteous frenzied cry:
But mounting quick on high
A hero springs,
His helm a star
Of hope, that flings
A halo far
'Mid the lurid light,
For a moment lost, then dimly seen
As it gleams on the sight,
The curling wreaths of smoke between!
Up the ladder One rushed, but Three come down,
And the shining helm is a hero's crown!
Yet heeds not he what people say,
He only bids them 'clear the way!'

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

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